

VOL. XLVII. No. 1209.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, May 9th, 1900.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

Copyright, 1900, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



# Puck

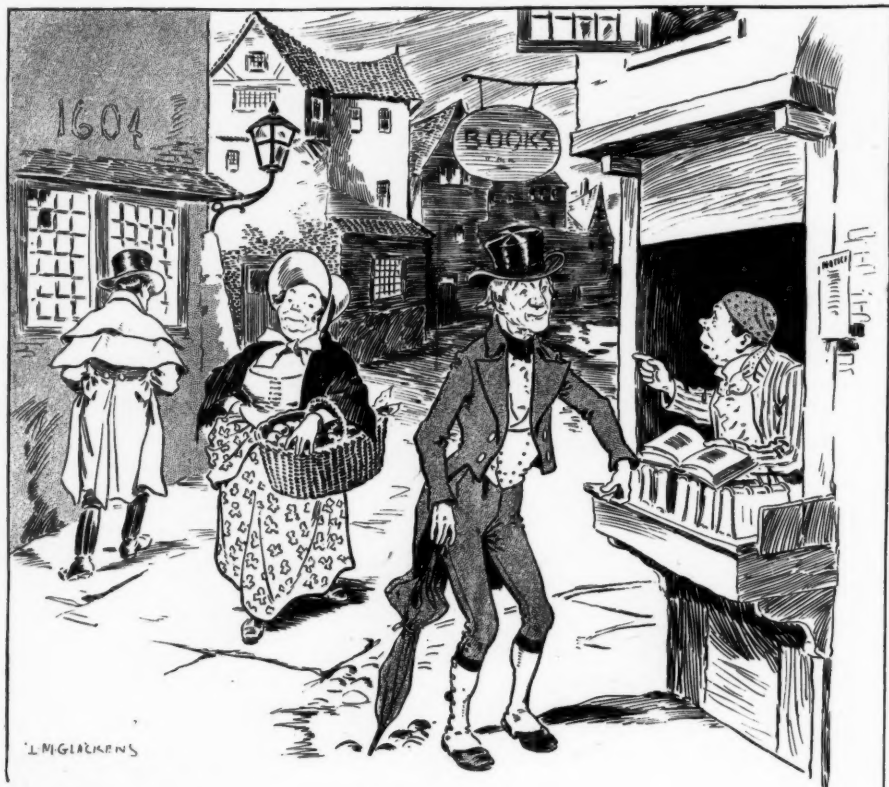
Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



OUR BELOVED GERMAN-AMERICAN.

HE WOULD HAVE A HAPPIER TIME IF HE LOOKED THROUGH AMERICAN-MADE SPECTACLES.

COPYRIGHT, 1900 BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.



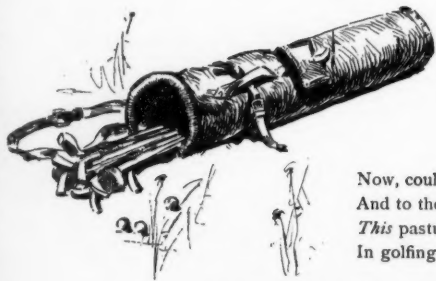
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARZMAN

#### ADMITTED.

DEALER.—Now, if I should sell old editions that are not genuine, shall I not lose my trade?  
CUSTOMER.—Oh, yes, indeed! The bookworm will turn!

#### THE LAY OF THE GOLFIIST.

I USED to see the graces of down and vale and hill  
With feeling that embraces a keen poetic thrill.  
The sky, of azure tender, that bent, the verdure o'er —  
But sky and field surrender their charms to me no more.



I gaze the country over with calculating look;  
I mark the treach'rous clover, the hazard of  
the brook;  
No longer am I praiser of kine on hills, alas!  
The sheep 's a better grazer, and shorter keeps  
the grass.

Now, could I drive, I ponder, from here to that big tree?  
And to the farmhouse yonder in four, or may be three!  
This pasture is by nature a fair green, perfect — and  
In golfing nomenclature I thus the landscape brand.

I have a cleek and mashie, but find I need a bap;  
When one is shy on cash he can't outfit worth a rap.  
My clubs are not precisely just what I ought to get —  
I'd manage very nicely had I another set.

I sigh for sleep delightful — the course intrudes within;  
Till dawn, 'mid bunkers frightful, I play and can not win.  
I wish I had a baffy. My clubs have reached sixteen.  
Ah, me! I'm golfing daffy, and all the world 's a green!

Edwin L. Sabin.

#### A FABLE.

Once there was an honest Farmer who owned a Gray Mare. Now, this Mare was Spavined, Swaybacked, and was Eighteen Years Old. Moreover, she was so emaciated that she greatly resembled a retired step Ladder. The Farmer, however, entertained an exaggerated idea of the value of the Mare, having once read a Book on "The Training of Blooded Horses."

One day the Assessor called on the Farmer to take an inventory of his possessions. "How much," he asked, "had I better put down for the Mare — fifteen dollars?"

"Fifteen dollars!" cried the Farmer, angrily. "Well, I rather guess not!"

"Well, then," replied the Assessor, "let us make it seven dollars. I notice the Mare looks Rickety."

The Farmer waxed exceedingly wroth. Said he: "That Mare is worth not a cent less than Three Hundred Dollars. Her Sire was Hambletonian Don Quixote. I have her pedigree in a picture frame."

"But my conscience will not let me assess her on any such amount."

"Sho!" replied the Farmer. "You don't know as much about horses as the Boers did about the victories of the English war correspondents. I would n't take four hundred dollars for that Mare to-day."

The Assessor finally assessed the Mare at Three Hundred and Fifty Dollars and went on his way. The next year the Farmer's Taxes

were so high that he had to get on top of a Big Mortgage to reach them. And he laid the blame to the Financial Policy of the Government and became a Rabid Populist, and has n't amounted to shucks since.

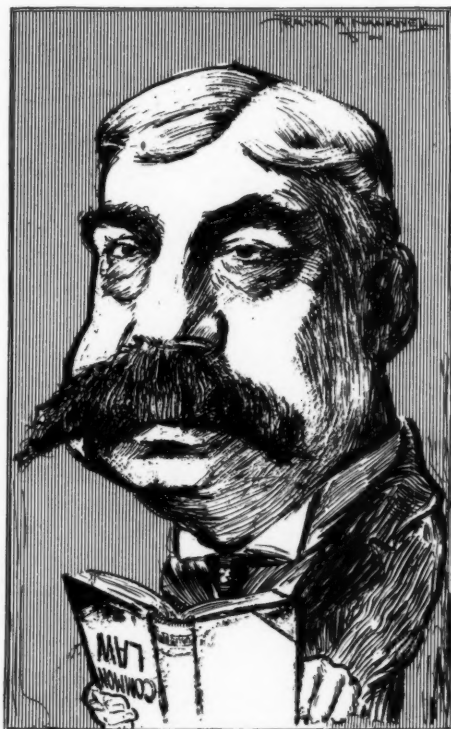
MORAL. — Some people believe that next to being wealthy is a reputation for being wealthy. The latter, however, lacks many of the conveniences of the former.

W. G. Brooks.

THE British Government insists on regarding Messrs. Kruger and Steyn as Presidential impossibilities.

SPEAKING OF certain intensely patriotic newspapers, how very garish red, white and blue do look when mixed up with yellow!

JOHN BULL advances with the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other, but with both eyes on the main chance; and eventually he gets there with both feet.

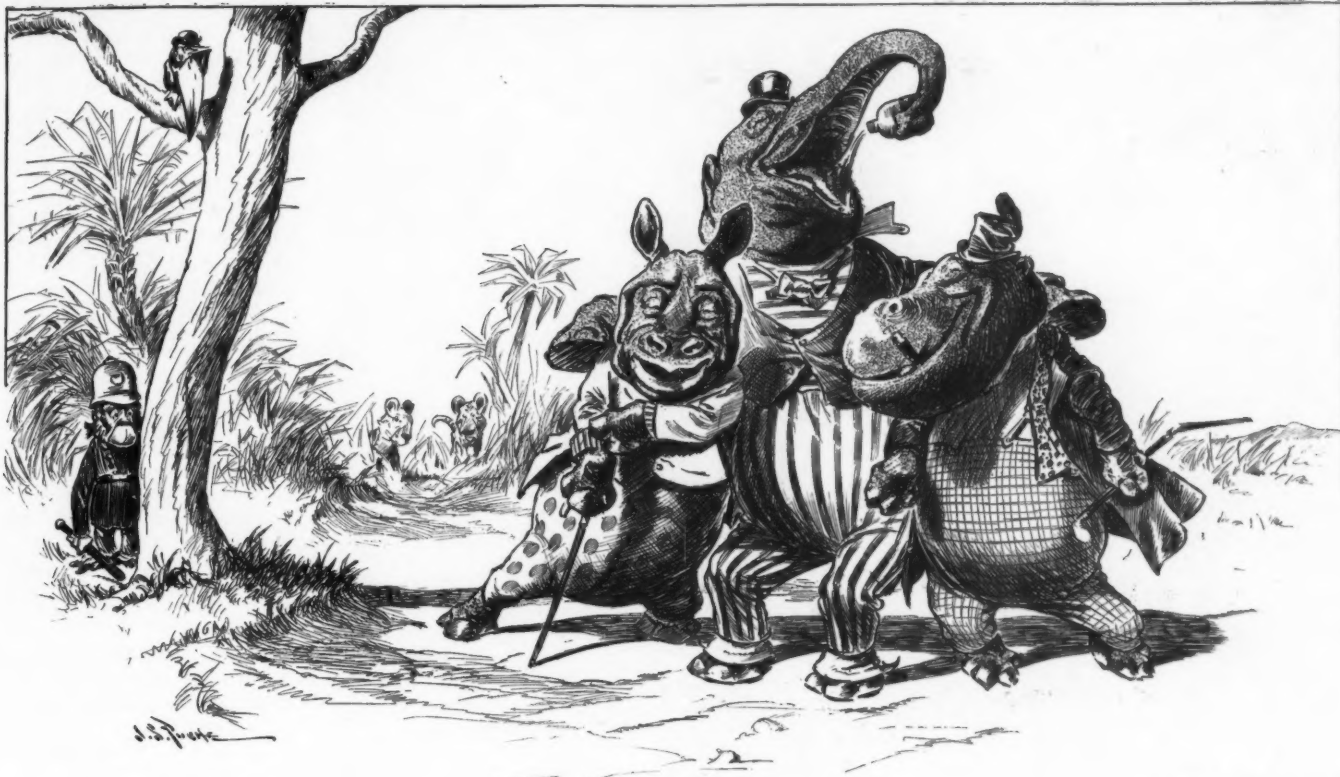


COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARZMAN

#### PUCKOGRAPHS. — LI.

NEW YORK'S CORPORATION COUNSEL, WHO TRIES TO DO HIS BEST — FOR TAMMANY.





AN UNWORTHY SENTIMENT.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.— Strikes me we 've had about enough!

THE ELEPHANT.— You ought to be — hic — 'shamed of yourself talkin' like that! You mus' be — hic — sober!

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY KEPPLE & SCHWAB

DELIA LEAVES THE STORE.

DELIA 's lift the shtore, me fri'nd, so shtop and shake me hand;  
I 'm the gladdest man, bedad! that 's livin' in the land!  
Bethter news, it seems to me, was niver told before.  
Delia 's lift the shtore —  
Delia won't be workun anny more.

Delia liked her place, you know, and thought of naught but that;  
So, whin I would shpake to her of marriage and a flat  
She would say, as if she 'd niver heard the like before,  
"What! and lave the shtore?  
What! — and not be workun anny more?"

Manny times I asked her, and I got the same reply;  
So I thought it over, and I told meself, says I:  
"She has quite decided, as I should have seen before,  
Not to lave the shtore.  
Well, thin, I won't ask her anny more."

Weeks and months I niver saw her; thin, one plisant day,  
Goin' home at six o'clock, she joined me on the way.  
Faith, we fell to talkin' just as aisy as before.  
Thinks I: "Dom that shtore!  
Dom it! but I hate it more and more!"

Thin, all of a suddint, as we raiched the place to pairt,  
Delia whispered softly, wid a shmile that hit me hait:  
"Thomas, I must tell you somethin' — I forgot before;  
Tom, I 've — lift the shtore;  
Tommy, I ain't workun anny more!"

Well, thin, you 'll belave me, it was very aisy fixed —  
Sure, the banns are published, and the weddin' 's Sunday nixt.  
There 's me hand; now shake it as you niver shook before.  
Delia 's lift the shtore!  
Delia won't be workun anny more!

H. A. Crowell.

NO CONFLAGRATION.

ISAACS. — He says dot he hav moneysh to burn, eh?

MOSES. — Perhaps! But he don't seem to haf any inzurance, don't it?

IN THE MUSEUM.

FIRST FREAK. — Yes; the manager has discharged the two-headed girl.

SECOND FREAK. — Why, he engaged her only last week!

FIRST FREAK. — Yes; she was just a nine-days' wonder.

HAD N'T HEARD OF IT.

THE TEACHER. — When was Kentucky settled?

THE BOY WHO READS THE PAPERS. — I did n't know it was settled.

LEISURE.

To indolence the human soul inclines —  
Ah, me! the pleasure of an idle day  
When, while the sun above so brightly shines,  
There 's none but Nature busy making hay.

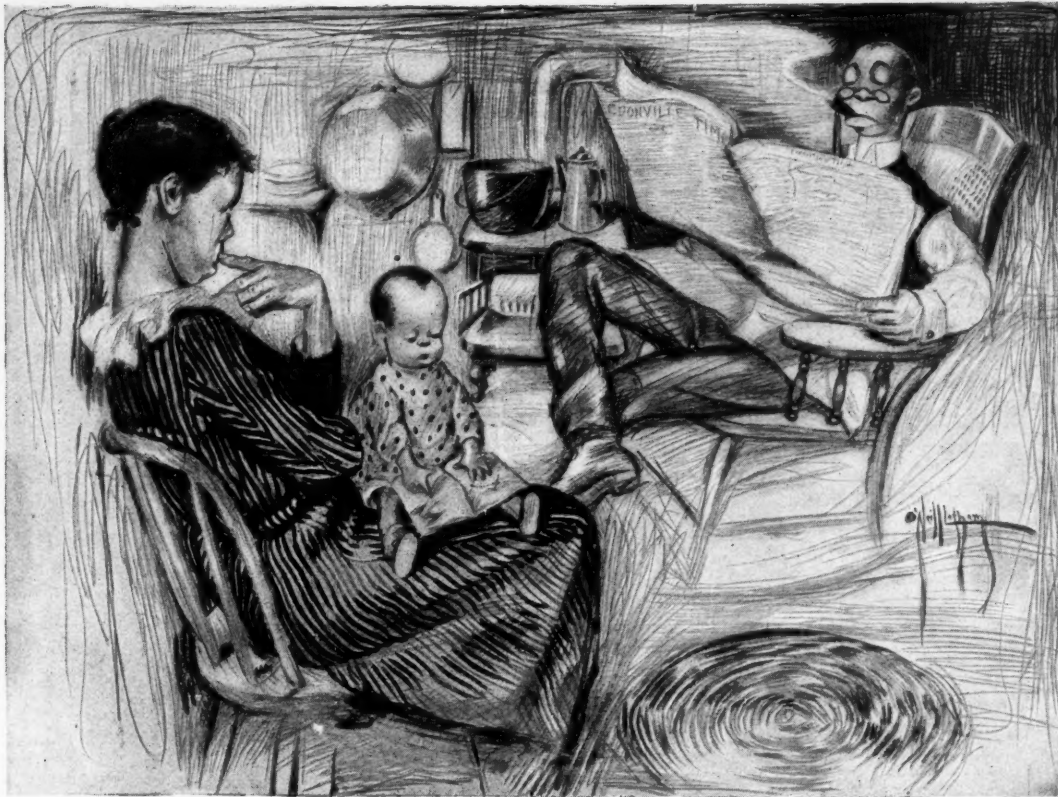


HIS VIEWS.

MISS BRANELY. — Are you fond of novels, Cholly?

CHOLLY. — Fwankly, I cawn't say I am. It 's a bore to read them, doncherknow, and it 's a bore to be asked if you have read them when you have n't, doncherknow!

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY KEPPLE & SCHWAB



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARZMANN

### A PHILOSOPHICAL VIEW.

MRS. WULLABY.—De agent says if we hain't got de rent nex' Monday we's got to git out!  
SAM WULLABY.—Nex' Monday? Den we doan' need ter worry fo' de dex' fo' days!

### GREEN GRASS FOR LAMBS.



EXTREMELY SUCCULENT is the food advertised by stock market experts for the consumption of nice, fat, wooly lambs. This is the way they read:

TO CONSERVATIVE INVESTORS.—We know exactly what is to happen in Wall Street. Send us 37 cents and we will tell you when to buy P. D. & G. for an advance of \$25 a share. All our clients made money when the market was going up and down the other day. We are the only genuine infallible prophets. All others are impostors. Bull & Bruin, Wall Street.

Have you lost money in Wall Street? That is because you did not act upon my advice. My knowledge of coming movements in the stock market is absolutely correct, always has been and always will be. I freely acknowledge that I am the boss tipster of them all. I know a stock that will go up 73 points in the next two weeks, and I will tell you which stock it is for \$1 cash down. Why do I not keep this information to myself and get immensely wealthy? Because I do not wish to incur the disgrace of dying rich, but you may have no such compunction. Send your money to Philanthropist, Wall Street.

I do not execute orders in Wall Street, myself, but I have a friend who does. All I do is to pick out the stocks to handle, and all you have

With all these opportunities to get rich, is n't it a wonder that any poverty is left to abolish?

William Henry Siviter.

### CRITICISM.

FIRST MESSENGER BOY (*wonderingly*).—Say, Muggsy is purty light on his feet, ain't he?

SECOND MESSENGER BOY (*contemptuously*).—He must be purty light in his head to be sprint-in' like dat in dis business!

### HER STRATEGIC MOVE.

"Yes," said Mrs. Miningcamp; "I induced my husband to go to Monte Carlo and he lost half his fortune. I'm very thankful."

"Thankful?"

"Yes. He was bent on having himself elected Senator. Why, he would n't have had a dollar left!"

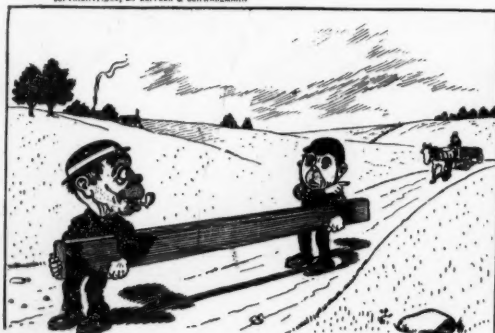
### SO TO SPEAK.

"With your strong arm around me," said the blushing girl, "I fear nothing."

"That's right!" said the youth, with a thrill of pride. "You can consider yourself a protected monopoly."



### A BURDEN SHIFTED.



I.  
McGURK.—Oi'm not goin' t' carry this plank anither step! Here comes a hayseed; let's make him give us a lift!



II.  
THE HAYSEED.—But this horse has all the load he can carry now!  
McGURK.—No back talk, Mister 'Tater Puller! When we says you've got t' give us a lift, why, yer got t' do it, dat 's all!



III.  
"There! Now go ahead Old Clover Dust, an' don't lose no time, neither!"





IV.  
"Git a gait on yer! See? Dis hain't no sleepin'-car! Dat 's right; lick 'em up a bit!"

A RATTLEHEAD.

FARMER DUNK (*catching them*).—Ar-har! So you are tryin' to elope with the hired girl, are ye?

HIS SON.—Ye-es, sir.

FARMER DUNK.—Wa-al, if you ain't the gol-vummedest feller for wantin' excitement all the time! Did n't I let you go to the circus last Summer, and to your gran'mother's funeral in the Fall, and did n't you stay up as late as you wanted to seein' the last eclipse of the moon? What in tunkett do ye want, anyhow—a continual hooraw?"

A SIGN.

FIRST OFFICER.—Any sign of the enemy weakening?

SECOND OFFICER.—Well, yes. He has just sent word that he will fight to the bitter end.

AN AFFLICTION.

CITY CHAP (*angrily*).—Look here! You warranted this horse to me to be entirely without faults, and now I find that he is stone-blind!

COUNTRY CHAP (*cheerily*).—Wa-al, blindness ain't a fault; it's an affliction.

A CORRECTION.

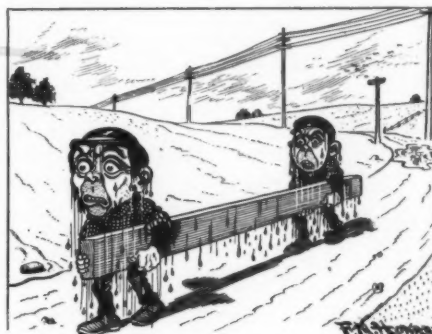
FRIEND.—They say that our campaign material is a pack of malicious lies.

POLITICIAN.—Not exactly! It's a mixture of malicious lies and malicious truth.

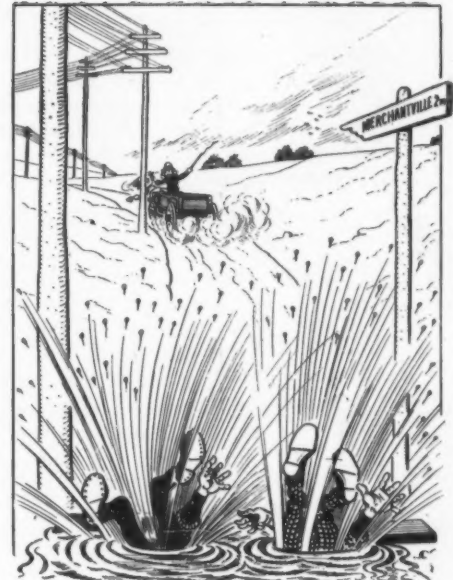
TRUTH CRUSHED to earth will rise again. It is also stranger than fiction. By applying one or both of these tests the yellow journalist is usually able to avoid printing the truth.



V.  
THE HAYSEED.—Well, there goes one white man's burden!



VII.  
MCGURK.—Oi allers did say dem farmers was sneaks! Ye kin niver tell what they be up to!



VI.  
"—I—II—III—II—III—"

THE SECRET OUT.

THEOPHILUS.—Human nature is no problem if you go by whist-principles.

THEODORE.—What do you mean?

THEOPHILUS.—Why, if a man is long-suited in some characteristics he is bound to be short-suited in others.

ABSOLUTE ASSURANCE.

NELL.—Young Offhande must feel very secure of his social position.

BELL.—Why so?

NELL.—He never wears a golf suit.

HIS COMPLAINT.

THE CIRCUS MONKEY.—They tell me you drink beer at each performance. Do you like it?

THE CIRCUS ELEPHANT.—Yes; the only fault I have to find is that I have to drink it in moderation.

THE LATEST.

"In order to be strictly up to date," mused Satan, the subject of the Spring repairs and alterations being under consideration, "I suppose we ought to have a grill-room for the society people!"

AT THE MEN-AGERIE.

"Mama!"

"Well, dear?"

"Is n't it lovely of the Lord to make the elephant with a tail on both ends, so that he would n't feel bad 'cause he could n't see the one he's got on behind?"

JONAH and the whale seem to have disagreed as emphatically as their critics.



EVIDENTLY O. K.

MRS. BROWN.—Do you trust your husband perfectly?

MRS. JONES.—Absolutely! He never gets scared when I tell him he talks in his sleep!

PUCK.

CHEAP.

ABNER.—I was run down by one o' them durned trolley-cars when I was in the city.

CYRUS.—Sho! Did n't it make ye feel sawt o' cheap?

ABNER.—Pow'ful cheap! But, by gum! you bet I did n't let on how I felt! I jes' jumped right in an' sued 'em for fifty thousand dollars damages!

PROGRESS.

"The clowns nowadays are a great deal more accomplished than they used to be."

"Yes, indeed! When I was a boy, a clown needed nothing but a make-up and an almanac."

AN ALTERNATIVE.

"I will die," said the rejected suitor, "and then she will see how much I loved her!"

"Don't go to extremes," said his friend, soothingly.

"Could n't you indicate your feelings by taking to drink?"

IKEY UNDERSTOOD.

HIS FATHER.—Meester Cohenstein vos in der misfit glothing peeze. You know vot dot is, Ikey?

LITTLE IKEY.—Oh, yes! You puy glothes from beeples vot dey don't fit undt sell dem to odder beeples vot dey don't fit.

MIGHT CAN'T make right; but sometimes it makes it look like thirty cents.

THERE OUGHT to be a mantle of greatness with stripes running up and down, for masterful men who are less than five feet four inches tall, and weigh more than two hundred and fifty pounds.

"OFFICEHOLDERS," says the cynic, "with some unimportant exceptions, may be divided into two classes: those who spend their time working to get another term and those who spend their time working to get a better job."

LITTLE CUPID shot a dart

That pierced my hard and stony heart;

Sad, indeed! but, what is worse,

That same dart it pierced my purse!



COPYRIGHT 1900, BY KEPPLE & SCHWARZMANN

FULL DIRECTIONS.

MAN.—Which way do you go to see the ball game?

BOY.—Straight up.

MAN.—Straight up the road?

BOY.—No; straight up de tree!

THE GLOBE-TROTTERS.

SAY! she struck me fer fair when I foist seen her dere  
In de lee of a pillar at Rome,  
But de time when, I tink, I foist tipped her de wink  
She wuz guest at de Sultan's "at home."  
Den I watched her sashay t'rough de streets of  
Bombay  
In a suit trimmed wid gauze by de yard,  
While I—I wuz dressed in a cast-iron vest  
And wuz head of de Emperor's guard.

And next she and me got ter talkin', yer see,  
Fer I had ter sport wid a fan,  
While she would "tra-lar" to a yellin' guitar  
Undernead a blue moon in Japan.  
And pretty quick 't wuz we got chummy, becuz  
Dat time we wuz bote of us slaves  
And out and afloat in a peachy gold boat,  
Nigh choked wid de dust from de waves.

Well, I loved her all right, and I told her one night—  
'T wuz in Spain at de bull-fighters' dance—  
And she blushed, lookin' down at her pink-spangled  
gown  
And de knees of my velveteen pants.  
But she kissed me reel nice in de shade of some ice,  
Later on when we got ter de Pole.  
And I punched de red head of a Rooshian who said  
Dat de ring what I give her wuz stole.

Her part's pretty small—in de chorus, dat's all—  
And I'm jest a supe, understand;  
And our travelin' means dat we're on in de scenes  
Of de spectacle up ter de "Grand."  
But some night, yer know, at de end of de show,  
When we've been round de woild at a walk,  
We'll step out and stop at de justice's shop  
And she'll marry me here in New York.

Joe Lincoln.



COPYRIGHT 1900, BY KEPPLE & SCHWARZMANN

DOWN IN GEORGIA.

FIRST NATIVE.—What you going to name the baby?

SECOND NATIVE.—Durned if I know! We've used up most all the good names we know uv on the dawgs!



PUCK.



PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.

Payable in advance.

KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, May 9, 1900.—No. 1209.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—The contents of Puck are protected by copyright in both the United States and Great Britain. Infringement of this copyright will be promptly and vigorously prosecuted.

Puck's Illustrations can be found only in PUCK'S Publications.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**DEWEY COMEDY.** THE DEWEY candidacy will have been worth while if it does no more than bring a little lightness and joy to a political exhibition that was become monotonously serious. Doubtless the Admiral meant to furnish something more substantial than mere entertainment; but doubtless, too, he will come in time to see that he did acceptably even in doing as much. He will enjoy it eventually even as the great American public enjoys it now. But for his candidacy we should probably never have been dazzled with that sun-burst of words running: "A Democrat is a (profanely qualified) traitor in war and a (similarly qualified) fool in peace." Not that the Admiral fabricated this jewel, for he indignantly denies it; but his candidacy produced it from the depths of anonymity, and we trust it will produce many more equally engaging additions to the gayety of this nation. Messrs. McKinley and Bryan are good in their parts; but Dewey's part was needed.

**THE GERMAN-AMERICAN.** REFERENCE IS had, be it understood, to those individuals of the species that try to lead a double life. For the genuine German-American, who, being German by birth is American by thought, feeling and daily life, only good words are to be said. The other kind has bad days in this land. He is at once an object of commiseration and criticism. There are not so many of him as there sometimes appears to be, for, like the hale-voiced coyote, he makes a noise out of proportion to his numbers. The real German-American speaks as an American when he speaks at all, forgetting his hyphen. Its significance is ethnic merely, — never political, — with him. The other kind wears his hyphen obtrusively at all times. He lets no one forget it and is never himself unconscious of it. He is a German who considers that in a land of freedom he is free to keep on being a German while enjoying the privileges of American citizenship. The result of his attempt is a false perspective. He is far enough away from the Fatherland to see only its superlative merits. And he is just close enough

to his adopted land to see only its defects. Balancing awkwardly between the two, he regrets one country and condemns the other. And he is a citizen without a country. He ought for his own comfort to determine which country he likes better, and then be thoroughly of it.

**TURKEY'S DEBT.** FROM ALL accounts the Sultan of Turkey is slow pay. He has philandered shamelessly about that small debt he owes us. On the face of the facts as related we would n't trust him for a package of cigarettes. But we hope it will be found inexpedient for our navy to shoot notions of financial rectitude into him. For one thing, it would cost more than the amount involved. A respectable bombardment of Smyrna could n't be had for much less than half a million. Thus, if it is the money we are after, that would leave us in the hole. If, however, it is "the principle of the thing," as we seem to remember having noted in something like a hundred organs of enlightenment, a severance of diplomatic relations would probably be more to the point. The Sultan may be loose in money matters, but we don't believe he would submit, for a few paltry white chips, to expulsion from the diplomatic game on the score of being no gentleman. If there should chance to be war-doings, however, we hope the country will understand that the New York *Evening Post* brought them on. We have at various times in the past three years been unspeakably grieved and astounded by the sight of this respectable journal rearing high up and snorting for Turkish blood. It was something scandalous. It has demanded that hundred thousand dollars at the cost, if need be, of wiping the Ottoman Empire off the earth. We never could explain this phenomenon. Perhaps it is what scientists call "a reversion to type." At any rate, let us remember that it will be the *Post's* own war, if there is one, and not the *World's* or *Journal's*.

**METHODIST LEGISLATION.** A REQUEST TO amend the laws of God is handed up to the Methodist General Conference by two minor bodies of the church. In detail it is that the rules which now prohibit dancing, card-playing and theatre-going be stricken from the Methodist book of discipline. Doubtless it will meet with prayerful consideration. The sentiment of the bodies making the request is that such a step would place the church in closer touch with the present generation. This sentiment is, we should say, well founded. Nor do we believe the repeal of those prohibitions would be generally considered anarchistic, licentious or even radical. The truth is that the spirit of the age toward these amusements is tolerant if not positively cordial, and if this excellent church is to maintain its usefulness it will have to bend to the new conditions. It is an age of reckless daring. We do these things brazenly in the sight of heaven. We dance, play cards and go to theatres with as little misgiving about the future as Methodists have ever felt in playing at bean-bag or croquet, or producing cantatas or watching circus-parades. If it be determined, however, by the governing body of the church to repeal the laws in question, we hope a way will be found to make the measure of repeal retroactive. That is, the souls now suffering torment for having pertinaciously danced, played cards and gone to play-houses in the flesh should be relieved from further punishment. Fairness would demand it.



"A CONSUMMATION DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED."

RS. SNIFF.—I should think England would send another ultimatum to the Boers.

SNIFF.—Another ultimatum? I don't know what it could have for an object.

MRS. SNIFF.—Why, I thought they could give that horrid old Oom Paul a limited number of days to end the war in.

A CRY FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

"Well, Aguinaldo has cheek!"

"What now?"

"Why, he's sent a message saying he wishes the United States would either quit chasing him, or send over a good-roads committee."

LET US BE THANKFUL.

"I understand that only about ten per cent. of the bills introduced in the Legislature became laws."

"I suppose so. Things might be worse than they are — even in the Legislature."

WOULD LACK SOME CONVENIENCES.

"I'm deuced glad —"

Thus cautiously observed an English officer as he withdrew his men under cover of night from an untenable kopje.

"— that these confounded Boers have n't got a territory that the sun never sets on."

IN SOME cases the Presidential bee is a queen bee.

WHAT KENTUCKY needs is a movement to teach the young idea not to shoot.

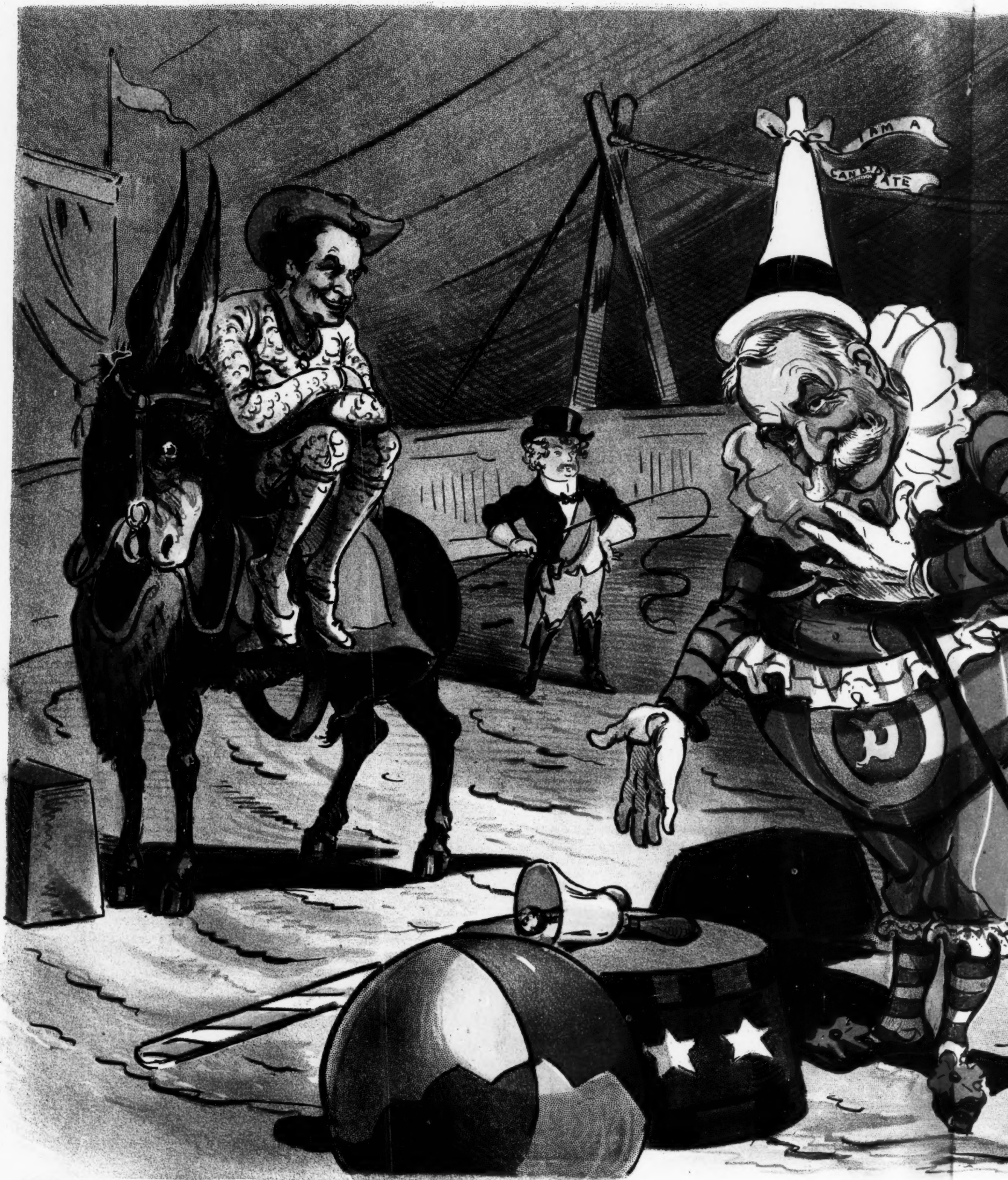


COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN

A QUERY.

MRS. GADABOUT.— Oh! John, I'm so happy!

MR. GADABOUT.— That so? Who's in trouble now?



OTT MANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

A MUCH-NEEDED COMEDY ELEMENT



PUCK.



ELEMENT IN THE CAMPAIGN OF 1900.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.





COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY KEFFLER & SCHWABACH

### THE LAST STRAW.

FIRST OFFICE-BOY.—I'm going ter quit! Dat 's de last straw!  
SECOND OFFICE-BOY.—What 's de trouble?  
FIRST OFFICE-BOY.—Why, look at de new typewriter de boss has hired!  
A feller 'd look nice takin' dat relic out ter lunch, would n't he?

### MULLIGAN'S HISTORY OF THE ANGLO-BOER WAR.

#### CHAPTER XII.

#### THE PACIFICATION OF THE FREE STATE.

**A**V COORSE, it was ixpicted thot Lord Roberts, afther his long an' arjus mar-rch to Bloemfontein, wud take a rest; but not manny folks, Oi think, supposed it wud be sich a long rest as it was. But there was a great manny things to be done befor he shtarted for Praytoria. In the fur-rst place, there was the commandos comin' up from the South thot was to be caught. They was bein' hotly purshued by Gin'ral Gatacre—whiniver he thought he knowed where they was—an' the Cowlsthrame Gyards wint down on the railroad to head thim off. An' the correspondints waited impatiently wit' their pens in the ink-bottles ready to sind off the glor'ous news the minnit they was captured. But the commander av the commandos—Olivier, his name was—more power to him!—he gev out the watchwur-rud "Raymimber Cronje an' melt!" An' no soight av him did Gatacre or the Gyards get. An' Gin'ral Frinch wint wit' his cavalry to a place they call Thaba Nchu—though how they call it that is more nor Oi know—an' he got there jist in toime to hear thot Olivier was out av his clutches. An' the papers all agreed thot Olivier was very far from bein' the worst gin'ral that iver was.

An' besides the job av catchin' Olivier there was more things to be done. There was little knots av rebels in different par-rts av the Free Shtate an' Cape Colony, an' Kitchener wint to see if they wud throw thimselves on his machine guns like the Agyptians used to do; but they jist melted.

An' thin Mafeking was to be raylaved. Methuen was sint to do this job but he shtruck somethin' or other aboot a hundred an' fifty moiles from the place—somethin' thot naded plinty av riconnoitrin'. An' he riconnoitred it four toimes a day for fifteen days an' he was shtill riconnoitrin' whin Oi writ this chapter. An' Curnel Plumer kem bouldly down from the other soide, advancin' a moile an' a half a day till the Boers kem along an' licked him. Thin they cut the woires behoint him; but the English was in great hopes thot he wud n't get to Praytoria befor the throiuphal intry av Lor-rd Roberts.

But the most impor-rtant wur-ruk Roberts had to attind to was the passification av the Free Shtate. An' accordin' to the priss censor, he did this wit' sich success thot there niver was seen sich a happy an' smoilin' an' continted population. Ivery wan av thim was wearin' the Union Jack in their button-holes an' singin' "God Save the Quane" in Dutch, an' shoutin' thimselves hoarse wit' j'y whiniver they seen Tommy Atkins. An' wan correspondint, Oi'm tould, bein' a little surprouised at sich thriminjus inthusiasim, wint up to a bur-rgher an' says "Wud ye moind tellin' me yer

name, me good man?" "Hoot, mon!" says the bur-rgher, "Oi'm Andrew Macgillicuddy frae Loch Lomond, dinna ye ken! An' is n't it gude to see the Br-ritish flag wavin' ower us? I've waited thretty year for thot!" An' the correspondint says "Oh!" An' he wint up to another bur-rgher an' axed him his name, an' says he, "Aw—I'm Lionel Cholmondeley-Livingston, doncherknow. Perhaps ye know the Cholmondeley-Livingstons at home. I've been all over the world but I've settled here an' I'm deuced glad to see the blawsted Dutch flag down at last!" An' the correspondint says "Oh!" An' he axed Mither Livingston if all the bur-rghers was n't Dutch. An' Mither Livingston says no—some was Outlanthers. An' he axed him how ye cud tell a Dootchman from an Outlanther. An' Mither Livingston says ye cud tell purty well by the koind av a gun he surrindere. If he tur-rned in a furst-class Mauser he was, loike as not, an Outlanther; but if he gev up a good for nothin' ould Martini-Henry ye cud put him down for Dootch an' no mistake. An' the correspondint says "Oh!"

An' he sot down an' writ a tillygram thot it was purty hard to tell jist how soon Lord Roberts wud begin his advance on Praytoria, because he wud furst be obloiged to thoroughly secure his communications.

### A FABLE.

Once upon a time some Reformers, looking very ferocious, came upon some Ordinary Persons. All this in a certain large and populous town.

"Can you show us any tiger's tracks?" asked the Reformers.

"We can show you a tiger," replied the Ordinary Persons.

"All we want is tracks!" protested the Reformers, and went their way with much noise and were all presently elected to fat offices, it being possible always to fool enough of the people enough of the time.

### THE ATTITUDE OF RUSSIA.

On the quiet, the situation in South Africa was not displeasing to the Bear.

"It is such a relief," protested the uncouth beast, "to be able to pray like any old thing, and not be made the subject of a Kipling poem!"

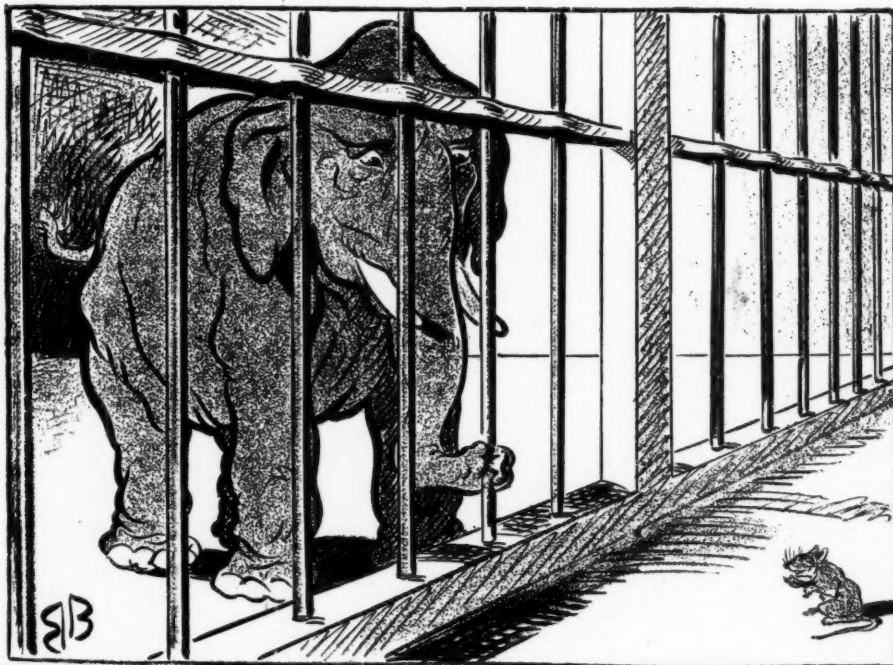
### CONDITIONAL.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"Out automobilin', sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"If you can steer the old thing, you may," she said.



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY KEFFLER & SCHWABACH

### SIMILAR CASES.

THE RAT.—I suppose it was a foolish fondness for cheese that got you in there? A brother of mine had exactly the same experience.





A CONFERENCE.

PROFESSOR HYMEN.—I object to this statement that ninety per cent. of all marriages are unhappy.

PROFESSOR CUPID.—Can't say, I'm sure. I never bother about results!

#### "CAN YOU FIX ME ALL RIGHT FOR THE SHOW?"

(A wail from the Advance Agent.)



WHEREVER I look, and wherever I turn, in whatever direction I go. One question, one only, confronts me: "Can you fix me all right for the show?"

The transfer-man pockets his contract, remarking: "You won't find us slow;

We've got a good scene-truck 'n' trailer. Can you fix me all right for the show?"

The baggage-man, weighing my trunks, says: "A hundred of excess or so; What's the name of the troupe you're ahead of? Can you fix me all right for the show?"

The genial, obliging hotel clerk cries, in a professional glow:

"If your room does n't suit you, I'll change it. Can you fix me all right for the show?"

The porter, who brings in my trunks, says: "Fo' de Lawd, you'se a trouper, I know;

I kin tell 'em a mile off, by golly! Kin you fix me all right fo' de show?"

The chambermaid, making the bed, speaks up bashfully: "Me 'n' my beau 'Ud like to take in the performance. Can you fix us all right for the show?"

The waiter-girl calls off the menu in tones confidentially low:

"Roast veal, lamb, an' corn-beef 'n' cabbage—Can you fix me all right for the show?"

While bell-boys, one after another, pipe up as they stand in a row:

"Do you want any ice-water, Mister? Kin you fix me all right fur de show?"

And nights in a feverish slumber I wretchedly toss to and fro,

While legions of spectres all chorus: "Can you fix us all right for the show?"

Kind Heaven, will even St. Peter shout, when I pass up from below,

"Say! when is the company coming? CAN YOU FIX ME ALL RIGHT FOR THE SHOW?"

Malcolm Douglas.

#### THE METROPOLIS.

SHE (sarcastically).—New York is simply heaven!

HE (guardedly).—Well, it might be considered the New Jerusalem, with some propriety.

THE SURVIVAL of the Fittest is seemingly in the way of being restored to all the force of a scientific truth. There was a time, earlier in the war, when it was hardly more than a rumor about the London clubs.

THE FIRST newspaper was published in the sixteenth century. There were clergymen before then, though it is difficult for some of their modern brothers of the cloth to understand how they managed to practise their profession.

## An Annual Income

sufficient to support your family may be provided them through the

## Instalment Policy

which removes the difficulty of the proper investment of the proceeds of the Insurance and the possibility of its loss.

## The Prudential

issues these policies, on the Life and Endowment Plans, combining

Safety, Profit, and Low Cost

in amounts from

**\$1,000 to \$100,000**

with premiums payable Yearly, Half-Yearly or Quarterly

Write for particulars.

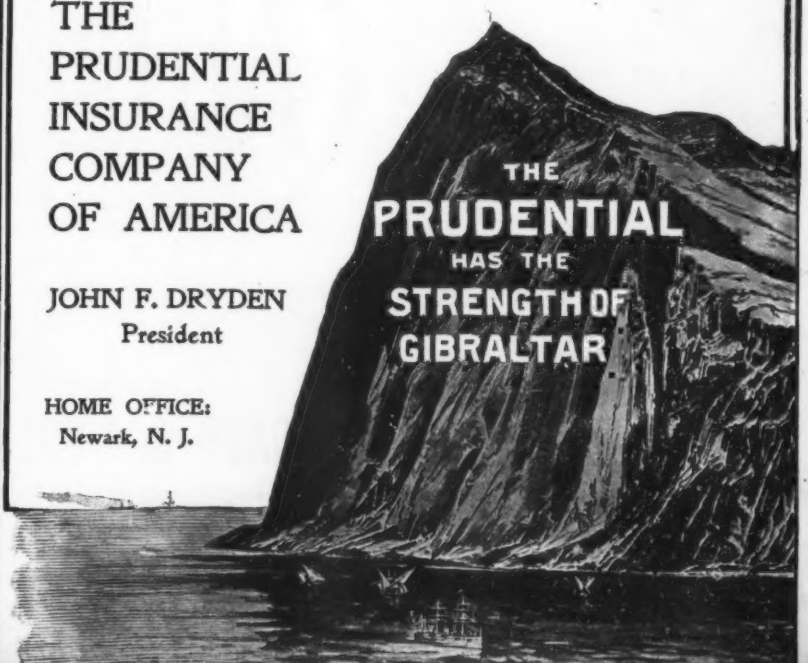
Address Dept. P.

THE  
PRUDENTIAL  
INSURANCE  
COMPANY  
OF AMERICA

JOHN F. DRYDEN  
President

HOME OFFICE:  
Newark, N. J.

THE  
PRUDENTIAL  
HAS THE  
STRENGTH OF  
GIBRALTAR




THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE  
LIST OF THE HIGHEST  
GRADE PIANOS.

## SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom  
5th Ave., cor. 33d St. in Greater New  
York.

**GOLD SEAL**  
AMERICA'S BEST  
**CHAMPAGNE**

NO  
DINNER  
COMPLETE  
WITHOUT  
IT.



**URBANA WINE COMPANY.**  
URBANA, N. Y.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."  
—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

## MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

**BEECHAM'S**  
**PILLS** Cure Indigestion,  
Constipation,  
Sick Headache.  
10 cents and 25 cents, at all drug stores.

**500 BICYCLES \$3.10**  
all makes, good as new, \$3 to \$20  
NEW 1900 Models, \$11 to \$20  
'98 & '99 Models, high grade, \$8 to \$13  
Great factory sale, direct to rider. We ship  
anywhere on approval; send us an order.  
**EARN A BICYCLE** distributing  
Catalogues for us. We will give one Rider  
Agent in each town **FREE USE** of sample  
wheel to ride and exhibit.  
WRITE AT ONCE for Bargain List and our  
**SPECIAL OFFER.** Address Dept. 156 P.  
**MEAD CYCLE CO., Chicago.**

THERE is no truth in the report that the umpires  
in the National League are going to endeavor to  
umpire league games the way the Lord would do  
it. — *Norristown Herald.*

## Knickerbocker Special and

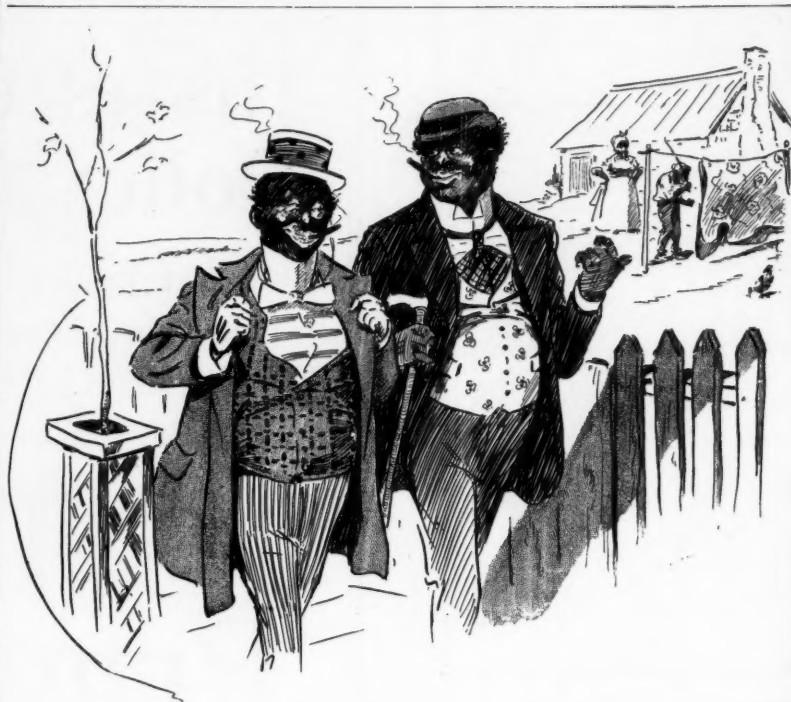
South-Western Limited, the Famous Trains  
between Boston, New York, Washington, Cin-  
cinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, via **BIG 4 ROUTE**  
and New York Central, Boston & Albany,  
Chesapeake & Ohio. All the luxuries of café  
and library as well as dining and sleeping cars.

Established 1823.

## WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,  
Baltimore Md.



A WIFELY SURMISE.

MR. JACKSON.—Mose Johnson got fine' two dollars an' costs fo' drunkenness,  
and his wife came around and paid it and took him home!

MR. LINKUM.—Yes. She suspected dat he wanted to go to jail so 's to get out  
ob house-cleaning!

America makes the finest brand of champagne,  
*Cook's Imperial Extra Dry.* It is delicious, fruity  
and pure.

The most efficacious stimulant to sharpen the  
appetite is *Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters.* See  
that you get the genuine.

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

## THE OVERLAND LIMITED

A strictly first-class train, consisting of  
BUFFET-SMOKING AND LIBRARY CARS, PULLMAN DOUBLE  
DRAWING-ROOM SLEEPING CARS AND DINING CARS  
runs through between Chicago and

## CALIFORNIA in 3 Days

without change via the

### CHICAGO, UNION PACIFIC & NORTH-WESTERN LINE

affording the quickest transit to San Francisco, the gateway to  
THE HAWAIIAN AND PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, CHINA AND JAPAN.

FOR INFORMATION AND DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLETS APPLY TO PRINCIPAL AGENCIES:

388 WASHINGTON STREET,	BOSTON.	485 VINE STREET,	CINCINNATI.
481 BROADWAY,	NEW YORK.	507 SMITHFIELD STREET,	PITTSBURG.
198 CLARK STREET,	CHICAGO.	127 THE ARCADE,	CLEVELAND.
601 CHESTNUT STREET,	PHILADELPHIA.	17 CAMPUS-MARTIUS,	DETROIT.
301 MAIN STREET,	BUFFALO.	No. 2 KING STREET, EAST,	TORONTO, ONT.

ALL AGENTS SELL TICKETS VIA THE

## CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

## Reciprocal

Reciprocal confidence and  
good faith work wonders.

Buyer, seller and  
consumer are more  
than satisfied with

## HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

It never disappoints.

It is

Always Uniform

" Pure  
" Old  
" Mellow

This has won for it  
phenomenal success.



Sold at all First-class Cafés and by Jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

## HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE,

32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street. NEW YORK.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

## "Just of Age, 21 Years"

It took twenty-one years  
experience to produce  
popular 1900 models of

## Rambler BICYCLES

"Leaders of wheels."

Price \$40

There has not been a  
year when Ramblers  
have not been improved.  
Our best efforts and ma-  
tured wheel judgment  
will keep Ramblers at  
the head. Catalog free.

Agencies everywhere

AMERICAN BICYCLE CO.  
Gormully & Jeffery Sales  
Dept. Chicago.

## OUT TO-DAY!

Puck's Library No. 155  
entitled

## Hooks and Crooks

Brimful of fun from cover to cover

Over seventy illustrations by the best

COMIC ARTISTS

Price 10 cents per copy  
All newsdealers, or by mail from the  
publishers on receipt of price

Address PUCK, NEW YORK

## OUT TO-DAY!



## Vigorol

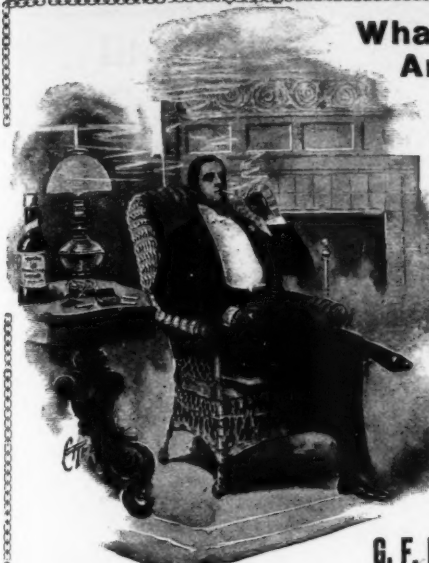
Armour & Company Chicago.

A deliciously seasoned beef drink.  
Tones up a weak stomach—  
A satisfying substitute for stimulants  
Served at all Cafés, Clubs & Soda Fountains





## What Are Club Cocktails?



"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.

For sale by all first-class dealers.

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.**

29 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Hartford, Conn.
London.

### "GENTLE SPRING."


<p>At 8 the skies are bright and gay, At 9 o'clock it snows, At 10 it's like a Summer day, At 12 a blizzard blows. The sun returns again at 2 And shines to beat the band, At 4 the tempest howls anew And Winter rules the land.</p>	<p>And one will keep where'er he goes — If he's a prudent man — His Winter and his Summer clothes, And overcoat and fan, His gauze and flannel undersuits, The flimsy ones and thick, The outing shoes and fur-lined boots Where he can grab them quick.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—Elliott's Magazine.</p>
---	---



"The mildness of sweetness,  
a quality their exclusive own."

## NESTOR CIGARETTES

A WOMAN is glad afterward when she refrained from saying something mean; but a man is sorry that he did n't say it.  
—Atchison Globe.



**The Improved  
BOSTON  
GARTER**

The Standard  
for Gentlemen

**ALWAYS EASY**

The Name "BOSTON  
GARTER" is stamped  
on every loop.

The  
*Velvet Grip*  
CUSHION  
BUTTON  
CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never  
Slips, Tears nor Unfastens.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.  
Sample pair, Silk 50c.  
Cotton 25c.  
Mailed on receipt of price.  
**GEO. FROST CO., Makers**  
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

—EVERY PAIR WARRANTED—

**OPIUM** and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. L. Lebanon, Ohio.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

### A FINE COMBINATION.

A warm, soft head, and a cool, hard head  
Are the two best things on earth, 't is said.—Elliott's Magazine.

### SURE TO CAPTURE THEM.

"That's the stuff!" exclaimed the British sympathizer, looking up from his paper. "The War Office has sent fifty new guns to South Africa that fire thousands of shots a minute."

"Why should that make you rejoice?" queried the man with long whiskers.

"Why? Simply because the Boers won't stand before them very long."

"True. They'll be standing behind them pretty soon."—Catholic Standard and Times.

### WORTH KEEPING.

LADY.—I want you to take this dog back. He is handsome, I admit, but he can't be taught anything at all, and is of no earthly use.

DEALER (slowly).—Y-e-s, Mum; I know, Mum; but just think wot a fine rug he'll make when he's dead.—New York Weekly.

At this season of the year, it is a sufficient bond of affinity when two people discover that they indorse the same cough-drop.—Atchison Globe.

# WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK



Mammoth Shaving Stick Sent to the Paris Exposition.

Height 4 feet  
Diameter 19 in.  
= Contains =  
465 lbs. of Soap

A WILLIAMS Shaving Stick of the ordinary size will furnish about 300 shaves. This mammoth shaving stick is equal to 4,450 of the ordinary size—or enough to shave a man every day in the year for 3,657 years!

The size is exaggerated, but it is impossible to exaggerate the splendid qualities which have given Williams' Shaving Stick world-wide fame.

The deliciously creamy, permeating lather, its remarkably softening effect upon the beard, its convenience of form, and its strong, unique case, make Williams' Shaving Stick the very perfection of shaving soap.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are used by all first-class barbers, and are sold everywhere.  
By mail if your dealer does not supply you.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cents.    Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cents.  
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cents.    White Glycerine Toilet Soap, 10 cents.  
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers) 6 round cakes 1 lb., 40 cents.    Exquisite also for toilet.  
Trial tablet for 2-cent stamp.

LONDON  
PARIS

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

DRESDEN  
SYDNEY



**Chid Cuffs**

The latest idea—a linen cuff that fits well, looks well, wears well. Does not crack or fray, sets perfectly. Keeps the sleeve in shape. The correct cuff for all occasions. Sent direct prepaid on receipt of price, \$5.00 per pair, \$8.00 per dozen. Address: Chid Cuff Company, 908 Lippincott Building, Philadelphia.


For Summer,  
Porous

## Jaeger

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

New York: 16 West 23d St.  
Brooklyn: 166 Broadway.  
Boston: 504 Fulton St.  
Philadelphia: 169 Tremont St.  
Chicago: 924 Chestnut St.  
74 State St.



**Brass Band**

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, & Supp. lcs. Write for catalog, 466 illustrations, FREE; it gives information for musicians and new bands.

LYON & HEALY,  
96 Adams St., CHICAGO

It takes a girl of fashion at least an hour to comb her hair so that it looks as if a comb had never been near it.—Atchison Globe.



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN  
"A MOVING PICTURE."

GOE'S ECZEMA CURE \$1 at druggists. 50c. box of us. Geo. Chem. Co., Cleveland, O.

"BEGINS RIGHT, ENDS RIGHT, IS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE."—NEW YORK CENTRAL.



## "30 Minutes in Havana."

The good of cigar smoking is all in smoking a good cigar.

For richness of flavor and perfection of fragrance *La Preferencia* are so superior that any cigar smoker who knows, will be quick to make friends with them.

EUGENE VALLENS, MAKER.  
THE HAVANA-AMERICAN CO., SUCCESSOR.

10c. and upward.  
At high-class dealers.

**CANDY** Send \$1.25, \$2.40, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address, C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

## Burglar Alarm.



Smith & Wesson

Revolver. Catalogue for a Stamp.  
SMITH & WESSON, 4 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.  
159 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## Arnold Constable & Co. Cotton Fabrics.

Printed Dimities, White and Colored Piqués,  
Linen Lawns, Embroidered Swiss Muslins,  
Nainsook Tuckings and Allovers, Stripe Batiste

## Zephyrs.

"David and John Anderson's"  
Celebrated Zephyrs.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK

## BARKEEPER'S FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

THE owner of a dog always knows an antidote for poison.—*Atchison Globe*.



## OLD OVERHOLT

An honest, old-fashioned  
Pure Rye Whiskey.  
Full measure.  
Bottled at the Distillery  
in Bond, under Government  
supervision. Just what it  
represents itself to be.

## Chester



They are all that suspenders should do and do not lose only when you stretch as others do.

The "Chester" at 50c. A cheaper model at 25c. Sample pairs, postpaid, on receipt of price. Nickered drawer supporters free to purchasers for dealer's name if he is out of them. CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., 4 Decatur Ave., Roxbury Crossing, Mass. Branch factory, Brockville, Ontario.

## DEPRESSED.

"My cousin, Oppenheimer, has been in der vorst shpirits ever since he came to dis gountry."

"How is dot? I t'ought he vas doin' vell in der oldt glothes peezness."

"He 's doin' so vell dot he 's kickin' himself for nod coming to dis gountry ten years ago."

## EARLY TRAINING AGAINST HIM.

SMITH.—He used to be dramatic critic on one of the New York papers, but now he 's trying to make a living as a confidence man.

JONES.—He 'll never succeed in the world.

SMITH.—Why not? He has plenty of nerve.

JONES.—Perhaps. But no metropolitan dramatic critic knows "a good thing" when he sees it. — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

## SHE WAS HIS QUEEN.

HER FATHER.—Young man, what 's your object in life?

YOUNG MAN.—To become your daughter's subject. — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

EVERYBODY regards fortune-telling as rot, but a woman with a deck of cards never fails to get an audience. — *Atchison Globe*.

"I UNDERSTAND that he was under a cloud because he stole an umbrella."

"Yes; and he stole the umbrella because he was under a cloud."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

It has been generally remarked that newly married men soon lose their jobs. The explanation is that the bride tells her husband he is n't getting as much as he is worth, which makes him dissatisfied, and he soon loses his place.—*Atchison Globe*.



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY KEPLER & SCHWARZMAHN

## IN ST. LOUIS.

MRS. STIGGINS.—Why, Henry! I had no idea the dinner this evening was going to be a swell affair!

MR. STIGGINS (*loftily*).—Well, I guess yes! You don't suppose I would go to the expense of having my silk hat ironed up, buying a new Prince Albert coat, a new white satin necktie, and a brand-new pair of russet shoes if the affair was n't going to be swell!







Every bottle of Evans' Ale is an object-lesson in the science of brewing and bottling a perfect ale, and its history is the history of the progress of the ale-brewing industry up to date.

The finished, smooth, mellow flavor, sparkling brilliancy, and froth of cream, together with the fragrance of a field of blossoming hops are a revelation to ale drinkers.

THE surprise at an amateur concert is the number of good places for stopping which are disregarded by the performers, who keep right on.—*Atchison Globe.*

Pimples here, pimples there,  
Pimples almost everywhere,  
But when R.I.P.A.N.S are obtained  
Clear complexion soon is gained.



You no doubt are familiar with the name; convince yourself as to its superior quality and bouquet by asking for it.

We guarantee that it is a pure, unadulterated Rye, 10 years old, aged by time, not artificially.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

WHITE, HENTZ & CO., Phil. and N. Y., Sole Proprietors. Established 1793.

#### A FASHIONABLE MATCH.

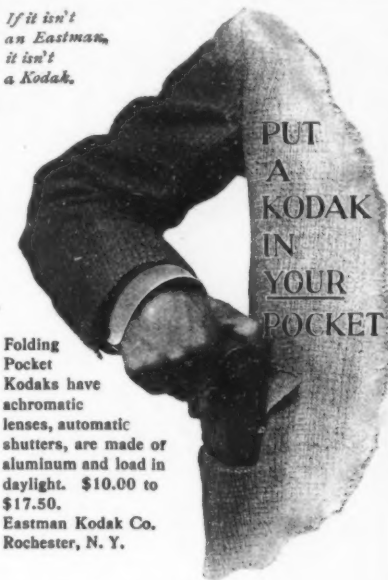
SHE.—I see Miss Livingston has become Mrs. Livingston-Jones.

HE.—Yes; united in the bonds of hyphen.—*New York Weekly.*

BESS SINGLETON.—I would n't marry the best man in the world.

NELL YOUNGWIFE.—I should say not! I would just like to catch my husband committing bigamy.—*Norristown Herald.*

If it isn't  
an Eastman,  
it isn't  
a Kodak.



Folding  
Pocket  
Kodaks have  
achromatic  
lenses, automatic  
shutters, are made of  
aluminum and load in  
daylight. \$10.00 to  
\$17.50.  
Eastman Kodak Co.  
Rochester, N. Y.

Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail.



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARZBAUM

#### THE SIMILITUDE.

MOTHER.—Why, Rupert! I can't see how you can possibly eat another mouthful!  
SON.—I guess I am a regular "trust," Mama! The more I gobble the more I want!

Through the sweltering summer months stand off languor and depression with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Be sure it's Abbott's.

#### MANIFESTLY WRONG.

If "Talk is cheap,"  
How does it pass  
That we should speak  
Of talk as "gas?"

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

#### THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

"Why do you wag your beard so constantly?" inquired the impolite dog of the goat.

"Because I chews," replied the goat.  
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

IN nine cases in ten, when a woman dies, the neighbors say that she could have been saved if her husband had gotten scared soon enough.—*Atchison Globe.*

YEAST.—Do you believe these stories of cruelty which come from South Africa?

CRIMSONBEAK.—Well, yes; I believe some of the British regiments have bagpipes with them.—*Yonkers Statesman.*



Always the same. We maintain the quality no matter what the market price of tobacco. Try them once. You will buy them always. Look for Arrow Head on every Cigar.  
JACOB STAHL, JR. & CO., Makers, 168th St. & 3rd Ave., N. Y. City.

## Bunner's Short Stories.

....ILLUSTRATED....

SHORT SIXES. Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns.

MORE SHORT SIXES. A Continuation of the above.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS. A Story of Small Stories.

MADE IN FRANCE. French Tales Retold with a United States Twist.

THE SUBURBAN SAGE. Stray Notes and Comments on His Simple Life.

Five volumes in paper - \$2.50  
Five volumes in cloth - 5.00  
or separately } Per volume, in paper, \$0.50  
as follows: " " " cloth, 1.00

For sale by all booksellers,  
or from the publishers on  
receipt of price.

Address,  
PUCK, N. Y.

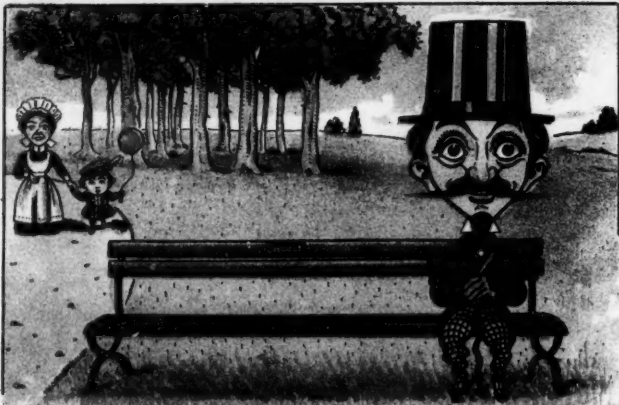
#### THE PHILOSOPHER.

Oh! his face is very solemn  
As he looks along the column  
Where the economic theories are spread.  
And he says we must be careful,  
Likewise erudite and pray'rful,  
If we are n't—well, we might as well be  
dead.

And the coal is getting lower,  
And the clock is ticking slower,  
And the lawyer's written threatening a call.  
He is poor as any peasant,  
Some would say it was unpleasant,  
But it does n't seem to worry him at all.

His researches scientific  
Are with doubts and fears prolific;  
He says the earth will shrivel up and freeze,  
And we won't have any fuel  
To confront the Winter cruel—  
He is much disturbed o'er matters such as  
these.

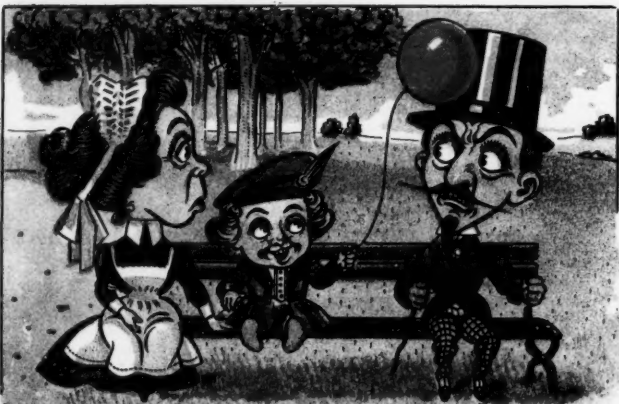
His bank account is tiny,  
And his sleeves are short and shiny,  
And a creditor is waiting in the hall.  
It is scarce the situation  
For a man of education,  
But it does n't seem to worry him at all.



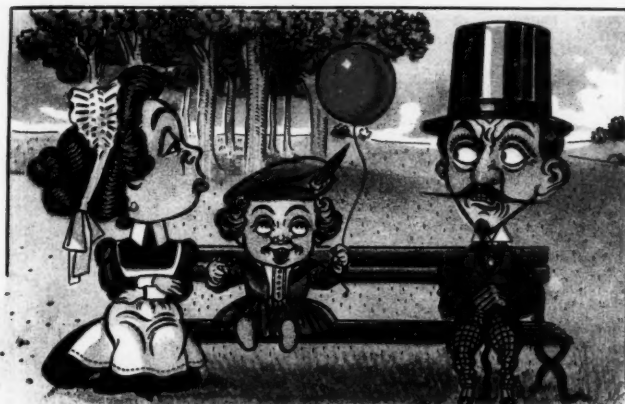
I.  
M. LE POYNTS.—Ah! ze balmy air of ze Springtime!  
In ze Park I vill zit and enjoy!



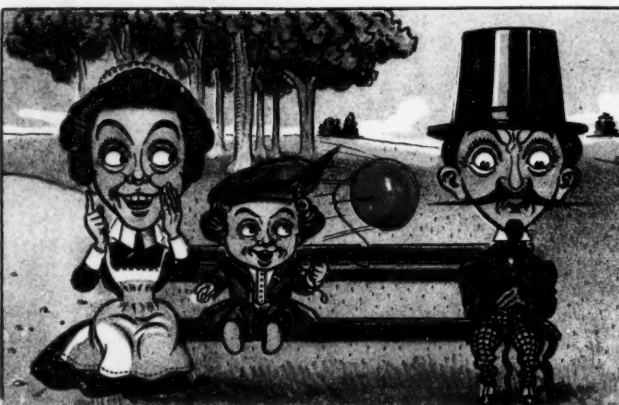
II.  
THE NURSE.—Now, sit here, whoile we rist a bit.



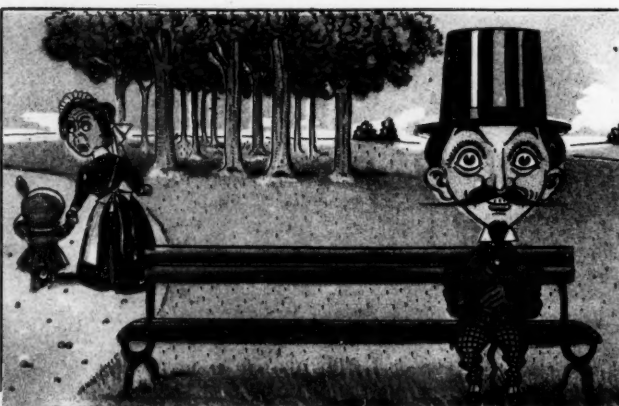
III.  
M. LE POYNTS.—Sacre! Ze maid vill take ze child  
away. Ze balloon annoy my chapeau.



IV.  
THE MAID.—Thot Oi wull not! Take away yezsilf if  
ye don't be afther loikin' it. Thot choild an' thot berloon  
be here to shtay!



V.  
(Aside.)—"See, that strong wind is goin' t' blow th'  
berloon t' give him a good wan in th' oye!"



VII.  
M. LE POYNTS.—Ze barbair zat waxed zat moustache  
knew his busineeze.



VI.  
(But just then the balloon was blown hard against that pointedly-  
waxed moustache.)

F. M. H. H. H.